

# An Ambassador a Job? Ask Birsky and Zapp

**In a Pinch Mr. Wilson Asks Colonel House "Is He Doing Anything Next Saturday, and If Not, Be a Good Feller and Run Over to Europe," and See What Our Envoys Are Up To.**

By Montague Glass.  
Illustrations by Briggs.

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"If the Kaiser of Germany would send an old friend of his which was for years a prominent banker in Bingen-on-the-Rhine to see what could be done with the King of Bulgaria, y'understand, Bulgaria would now be as neutral as Toronto, Canada."

"If an Ambassador in Paris buys six quarts ice cream and a couple cases beer every afternoon of his life, the money might just so well be paid over to the Honest Ballot Association for all the good it does."

"Sure, I know," Zapp said. "In England we got an ambassador, also an old friend of President Wilson, which used to be a prominent printer and publisher in Garden City, Long Island, and in France we got an old friend of Mr. Wilson, which used to be one of the biggest pig iron manufacturers in Ellyria, Ohio."

"Well, how did them fellers get appointed ambassadors?" Birsky asked. "I don't know," Zapp replied, "unless it was that when Mr. Wilson got his position as President he took all his old friends in the business directory, from Architectural Iron Works to Yarns, Domestic and Imported, and fixed them up with jobs alphabetically. For instance, old friends up to and including Hotel Supplies and House Furnishings gets postmaster jobs, and he appoints judges and custom house collectors from Insurance Brokers and Interior Decorators, and when he reached the P's, he had ambassadors' jobs to hand out, so he puts a Printer and Publisher in London and a Pig Iron manufacturer in Paris, and probably you would find an old friend of Mr. Wilson in the Plumbing Supply business is ambassador to Sweden, and another old friend in the Pants business ambassador to Norway, and so on from

Paints and Painters' Supplies through Pickles down to Portable Houses."

"Well, after all," Birsky said, "it ain't such a *Kunst* to be an ambassador. All an ambassador does is what he is told."

"And they couldn't even do that," Zapp continued. "That's why, according to some people, President Wilson is sending Colonel House to make them fellers stay on the job, on account Colonel House being a banker, naturally a printer or a pig iron manufacturer looks up to such a feller, which all them bankers is connected one with the other in bankers' associations, and if that Ohio pig iron manufacturer gets fresh with Colonel House, understand me, the next time the pig iron trade becomes a little quiet and the manufacturer goes round to see the president of the Kosciusko Bank in Ellyria, Ohio, and tells him that business could be better and it could be worse, understand me, and would like to renew on the fifteen-hundred dollar note that comes due next Wednesday, y'understand, the president of the bank asks him does he know a friend of his by the name House used to be a banker in Houston, Texas, and the pig iron manufacturer says yes, he met him in Paris, y'understand, and the president of the bank says so House told him, and the fact is that money ain't as easy as in former times and would like the pig iron manufacturer to clean up."

"After if the feller is so short for money as all that," Birsky inquired, "why don't he stay at home and attend to business instead of going to be an ambassador?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Zapp explained; "it ain't when a feller goes to be an ambassador that he's short of money. It's when he comes back. Ambassadors don't get no salary to speak about, and the expenses is terrible."

"Then what do they want to be ambassadors for?" Birsky demanded.

"Because it's a big honor to be an ambassador," Zapp said. "Supposing a feller would be the biggest manufacturer of pig iron in the State of Ohio, and if he meets once in six months a couple Congressmen or a judge, he's doing immense, y'understand; whereas, when he becomes an ambassador, Birsky, it is nothing for that feller to see kings and queens a hundred times every night of the year."

"And probably the best he holds is tens and deuces," Birsky said. "Is it any wonder he comes home broke?"

"I am speaking from real kings and queens, Birsky, which it costs just so much money to see real kings and queens every night, as though they would be kings full of queens in a table stakes game," Zapp went on.

"Well, if it's necessary in their business for ambassadors to spend so much

money," Birsky asked, "why don't the government allow them an expense account?"

"That's what everybody says," Zapp replied. "The Ambassadors' Association puts it up to Congress lots of times that their expenses should be paid, and the Congressmen says where do they come in that they should give ambassadors money to spend in Berlin or London. United States Congressmen ain't running for Congress in Berlin or London, and the way they figure, if an ambassador in Paris buys six quarts ice cream and a couple cases beer every afternoon of his life, the money might just so well be paid over to the cashier of the Honest Ballot Association for all the good it does, because nine times out of ten, all that a Congressman goes to Congress for is to get elected to Congress again."

"Well, you can't blame those fellers



"Mr. Wilson rings him up from Hot Springs."

that they want to hold their jobs," Birsky said.

"A feller which is so anxious to hold his job that he couldn't show results to the people he is working for," Zapp said, "would better be without a job; it don't make no difference if he's a Congressman or a shipping clerk."

"How about an ambassador?" Birsky asked.

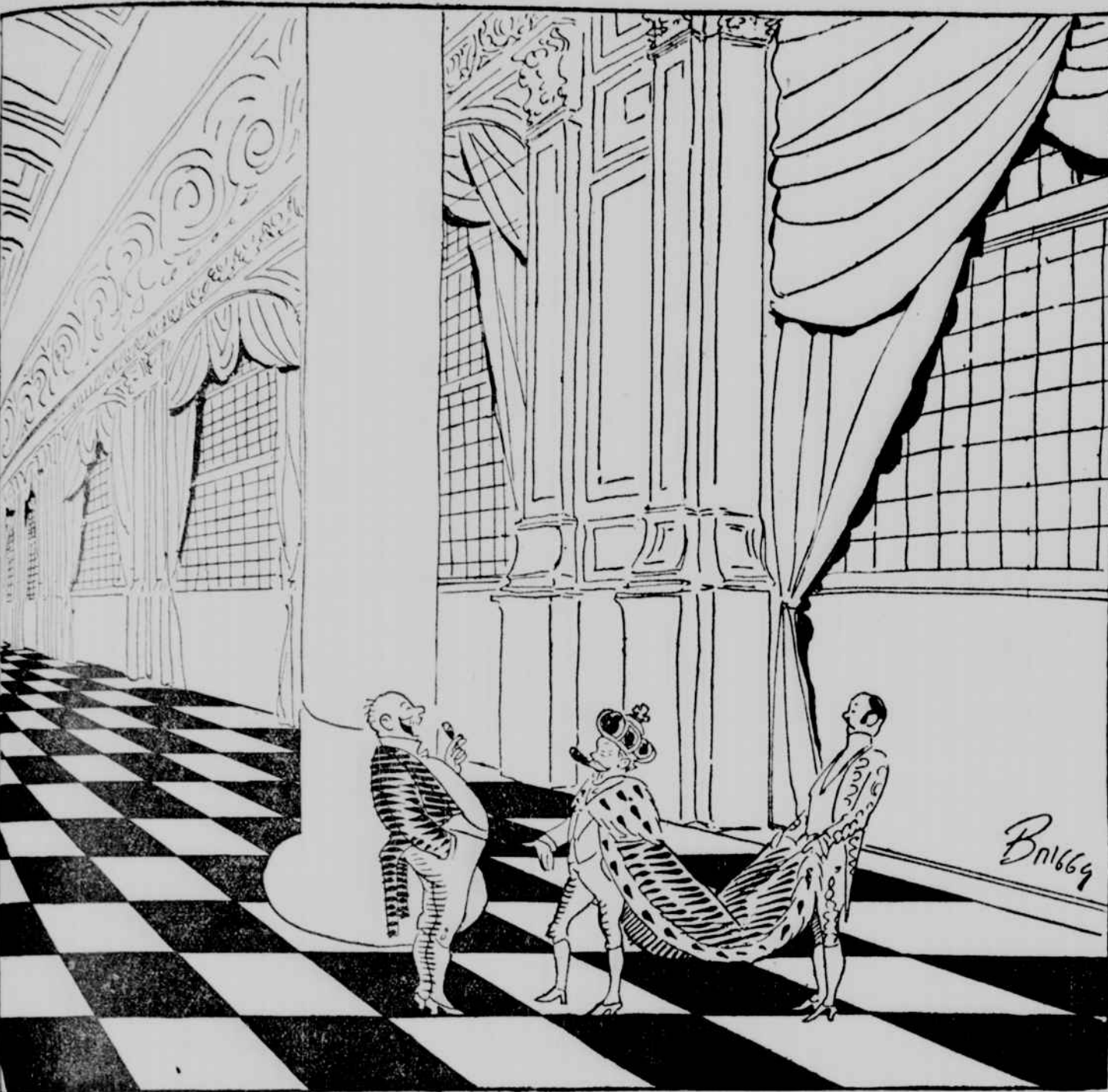
"An ambassador ain't a job," Zapp said. "It's an expensive pleasure trip for a rich business man."

## Southern States to Give Peace Bell to the Union.

WHEN, next year, the Confederate veterans assemble as guests at the G. A. R. encampment at Washington, D. C., it is proposed that a peace bell, a gift of the Southern States to the Union, shall be dedicated.

The Southern Commercial Congress has unanimously indorsed the idea of Benjamin Altheimer, prominent St. Louis banker and philanthropist, which is to obtain through popular subscription (especially among children, who will be asked to contribute a penny each), a large bell, upon which appears the Biblical "Peace on earth" sentiment.

This peace bell, it is planned, will hang in the national capital and will serve as a fresh symbol of unity. A committee of sixteen, with President Wilson as honorary chairman, and including, besides Mr. Altheimer, Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Lawrence Abbott Lowell, Oscar S. Straus, John Sharp Williams, William J. Stone and Josephus Daniels, has been appointed by the Southern Commercial Congress to carry the project through.



"It is nothing for that feller to see kings a hundred times every night in the year."

**It's Merely an Expensive Pleasure Trip for a Rich Business Man—But It's a Big Honor to Associate with Kings and Queens Instead of Congressmen and Judges.**

"IT'S a quincidence, anyway," said Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, in Wasserbauer's restaurant, as he wiped from his eyebrows the circumstantial evidence of a charlotte russe.

"What's a quincidence?" Louis Birsky the real-estate asked.

"That he should send him to Europe a couple of days before they come back from their honeymoon," Birsky said. "Which it's either a quincidence or she says to him: 'Maybe you like to have that feller hanging around the house all the time, but me not.' And Mr. Wilson says: 'For the feller is doch an old friend of mine,' and she says: 'What do you mean, an old friend? Bryan is also an old friend of yours—Colonel Harvey, too, and Dudley P. Malone and Charles K. Murphy and Gott weiss wer nach—and if you are going to have all that crowd sticking around the place, y'understand, instead of the White House, Washington, I might just so well be running the Palmer House, Chicago, or the Yates House, Saratoga.' 'Well, what could I do?' Mr. Wilson says. 'Send him to Mexico,' she says. 'I already sent him to Mexico.' 'Then send him to Europe.' 'I sent him to Europe, too,' says Mr. Wilson, *nebach*. 'Then send him there again,' and so Mr. Wilson rings him up from Hot Springs, Virginia, and after the girl tells him when through talking to please deposit one cent internal revenue tax in the quarter slot, he says to Colonel House is he doing anything next Saturday, and if not be a good feller and take a run over to Europe and see what Mr. Page and Mr. Gerard and this here Sharp is up to over there."

"What are you talking nonsense, Zapp?" Birsky exclaimed. "Mrs. Wilson didn't got nothing to do with Colonel House going to Europe."

"Didn't she?" Zapp said. "Then why did Mr. Wilson send him there?"

"Ain't you yourself just now telling me that Colonel House is an old friend from Mr. Wilson, and he wants to find out what them fellers is up to over there?" Birsky said. "Furthermore, he's got a lot of confidence in Colonel House on account he used to be a prominent banker in Houston, Texas."

"Sure, I know, Birsky," Zapp continued, "but if I would got a couple big concerns in Chicago which is getting pretty shaky on me, and I want to send out there some one he should look after my interests, y'understand, would I get an old friend to go for me, supposing even he is the prominentest banker in a larger town as Houston and much nearer New York—say, for example, Hoboken? No, Birsky; I would send to Chicago a perfect stranger, which all his life made a specialty of bankruptcy law, because while I am satisfied that any friend of President Wilson is a decent, respectable feller, y'understand, and that Houston, Texas, is a good live town for its size, understand me, the place where a Houston banker would do the least harm, y'understand, is in a bank in Houston, Texas."

"What harm could Colonel House do in Europe?" Birsky asked.

"I don't know," Zapp replied, "but if the Kaiser of Germany would send an old friend of his which was for years a prominent banker in Bingen on the Rhine to see what could be done with the King of Bulgaria, y'understand, Bulgaria would now be as neutral as Toronto, Canada. What the Kaiser done was to send to Bulgaria a feller which worked a lifetime as an ambassador in every country in Europe, and while in all probability he didn't know a paying teller from a safe

deposit vault, and wasn't no more intimate with the Kaiser than you are with President Wilson, Zapp, he swung Bulgaria right into line, and that's what we should do with England and Germany and France."

"But we already got ambassadors in England, Germany and France," Birsky protested.



"The President of the bank asks him does he know a friend of his by the name House."